

THE
ROMANCE OF SYR TRYAMOURE.



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ROMANCE OF RYK TRYANDRE

THE ROMANCE
OF
SYR TRYAMOUR,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE

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EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

F.R.S., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

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THE ROMANCE

SIR TRYAMORE.

AND A MEMOIR OF THE

REV. JOHN H. H. H. H.

BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

OF THE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.

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TO THE READER.

THE text of the following romance is taken from the earliest copy of it known to exist, contained in a large manuscript collection of similar pieces, formed late in the reign of Henry VI., and preserved in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, Ff. ii. 38. A much later copy is contained in the Percy MS. There were at least two early editions of *Syr Tryamoure*, both printed by Copland. One of these has been reprinted in Mr. Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817, vol. i; but it is scarcely necessary to observe that it is of little value as a text compared with the more ancient and correct version now for the first time published.

J. O H.

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version now for the first time published.

THE ROMANCE
OF
SYR TRYAMOURE.

HEVEN blys that alle schalle wynne,
Schylde us fro dedly synne,
And graunte us the blys of hevyne!
Yf ye wylle a stounde blynne,
Of a story y wylle begynne,
That gracyus ys to nevyne;
Of a kyng and of a quene,
What bale and blys was them betwene,
Y schalle yow telle fulle evyn:
A gode ensaumpulle ye may lere,
Yf ye wylle thys story here
And herkyn to my stevyne.
He was the kynge of Arragone,
A nobull man and of grete renown,—
Syr Arðus was hys name;
He had a quene that hyght Margaret,
Trewe as stele y yow be-hett,
That falsely was broght in blame;

The kyngys steward Marrok hyght,
False and fekyll was that wyght, 20

That lady for to fame:

He lovyd welle that lady gente,
For scho wolde not to hym assente

He dud hur mekyll schame.

The kyng lovyd welle the quene,
For scho was semely on to sene

And trewe as stele on tree;

Ofte tyme togedur can they meene,

For no chylde come them betwene,

Sore syghed bothe sche and hee! 30

Therefore the kyng, as y undurstonde,

Hath made a vowe to go into the Holy Londe,

To fyght and not to flee,

That God Almyghty schulde helpe them so

A chylde to gete betwene them two,

That ther heyre myght bee.

When the kyng hys vowe had maked,

And at the Pope the Cros takyd,

To bedd then were they broght;

That nyght on hys lady mylde, 40

As God wolde, he gate a chylde,

But they of hyt wyste noght.

Sone on the morne, when hyt was day,

The kyng wolde forthe on hys way

To the londe there God was boght;

Than begane the quene to morne,

For he wolde no lenger soyerne,

Prevvy sche was in thoght.

The kyng bad ordeygne hys armoryes,
Knyghtys, squyers, and palfrays, 50

Alle redy for to goo;

He toke hys leve at the quene,
At erlys and barons alle be-dene,

And at syr Marrok alsoo.

He comawndyd Marrok, on hys lyfe,
That he schulde kepe wele the quene hys wyfe,

Bothe in wele and in woo;

Betwene the quene and the kyng
Was grete sorowe and mornynge,

When they schulde parte in twoo! 60

Now ys the kyng passyd the see,
To hys enemyes gone ys he

And warryth there a whyle;

But than syr Marrok, hys steward,
Was faste abowtewarde

To do hys lady gyle.

He wowyd the quene bothe day and nyght,
To lye hur by he had hyt hyght,

He dredyd no peryle;

Feyre he spake to hur a-plyght, 70
Yf he hur thoght turne myght

Wyth wordys, hyt was hys wylle.

The quene was stedfaste of wylle,
Sche herde hys wordys and stode styll

Tylle he alle had sayde.

Sche seyde, "Traytor, what ys thy thoght?"

Alle that thou spekyst hyt ys for noght!

Owt upon the, thefe!" sche seyde in that

brayde.

“ My lorde, when he went to the see,
For specyalle tryste he toke me to the 80
To have undur holde;

And now thou woldyst wondur fayne
Be the furste to do me trayne!

How darste thou be so bolde?”

He seyde, “ Ye, be my lady gente,
For now ys my lorde wente

Agayne hys fone to fyght;
And but the more wondyr bee
Ye schalle nevyr more hym see,

Therefore y rede yow ryght. 90
Now ys he gone, my lady free,
In hys stede ye schalle take me;

Am y not a knyght?
And we schalle do so prevely,
That whethyr he leve or dye,
Ther schalle wete no wyght.”

Then was the quene wonder wrothe,
And swere mony a grete othe,
As sche was woman trewe!

“ Yf ye be so hardy 100
To wayte me wyth velanye,
Fowle hyt schalle the rewe!

Y trowe y schalle never ete bred
Tylle thou be broght to the dedd,
Soche balys then schalle y the brewe?

Y may evyr aftur thys
That thou woldyst tyse me to do amys,
No game schulde the glewe!”

Marrok seyde, "Madam, mercy,
Y seyde hyt for no velanye, 110
But for a fondynge;
For y wolde wytt yowre wylle,
Whethur that hyt were gode or ylle,
And for no nothyr thyng;
And now, madame, y may see
That ye ar trewe as stele on tree
Unto my lorde the kynge:
And that ys me wondur lefe,
Wherefore taketh hyt to no grefe
Or wyckyd askynge." 120
So excusyd he hym tho,
The lady wende hyt had byn soo
As Syr Marrokk sayde.
He goth forthe and holdyth hys pese,
More he thenkyth then he says,
He was fulle evylle payde.
Of the quene let we bee,
And thorow the grace of the Trynyté
Grete wyth chylde sche was!
And of Kyng Arduſ speke we, 130
Farre in hethennes ys he;
To werre in Goddys grace;
There he had grete chyvalry,
He slewe hys enemyes with grete envy,
Grete worde of hym aroos:
In hethennes and yn Spayne,
In Gaskyn and in Almayne
Wyt they of hys loos.

When he had done hys pylgrymage,
And maked alle hys message, 140

With wordys that ware not wyckydd,
To fleme Jordon and to Bedlem,
And to the borogh of Jerusalem,

There God was dede and qwykk;
Then longed he at home to bene
And for to speke with hys quene,
That hys thoght was ever upon,
And he gate schyppys prevay,
And to the schypp on a day

He thoght that he flewe anone. 150
So longe they drove upon the fome,
That at the laste they come home

To hys owne lande;
When the kyng and the quene were togeder agayne,
They made mekylle yoye, gle and game,—

Then tolde the kynge hur tythande.
The kynge behelde the quene mylde,—
And sawe that sche was wyth chylde,
Then made he glad semland.

Twenty tymys he dud hur kysse, 160
Then made they game and blysse,
And he toke hur be the hande.

But sone aftur come tythynges,
Marrok mett hys lorde kynge,
And faste he can hym frayne.

“Syr,” he seyde, “for Goddys pyne,
Of a thyng that now ys ynne
Whareof be ye so fayne?

Ye wene the chylde yourys be,
Hyt ys not so, so mote y the, 170

The quene hath done the trayne!

Another knyght, so mote y spede,
Gat the chylde syth thou yede,

And hath the quene for-layne!"

"Allas!" seyde the kyng, "what may that be?
Betoke y not hur to the

To kepe hur in weyle and woo?

Sche was undur thy kepeyng,
Why letyst thou hur do that wyckyd thyng?

Allas! why dud sche soo?" 180

"Syr," seyde Syr Marrok, "wyte not me,
For grete moone sche made for the,

As sche had lovyd no moo;

Y trowed in hur no false-hedd
Tylle y fonde them with the dede,

Togedur betwene them two.

In the fyrste fourtenyght that ye were went,
Y fownde them togedur verament,

Or they ther wylle had done;

To hym y rane with egur mode, 190
And slewe the knyzt there he stode,

Be myn owne dome:

Then wende sche sche schulde be schente,
And me be-hett londe and rente,

And hyght me to do my wylle,

But y myselfe wolde noght,

Ye were evyr in my thoght

Bothe lowde and style!"

“Allas!” seyde the kynge, “now y wondur,
For sorowe my herte brekyth in sondyr, 200

Why hath sche done amys?

Y wot not to whom y may meene,

For y have loste my comely quene,

That y was wonte to kysse!”

“Marrok,” he seyde, “what ys thy rede,

Whether that sche be done to dedd,

That was my blysse?

For sythen sche hath forsaken me,

Y wylle hur no more see,

Nor dwelle wyth hur y-wys.” 210

“Syr,” seyde Marrok, “ye schalle not soo,

Ye schalle hur nother brenne nor sloo,

For dowte of synne;

Bettyr hyt ys, syr, be my rede,

Owt of yowre londe sche be flemyd in dede,

And faste ye schalle hur comawnde to wynne;

But take hur an oolde stede,

And an olde knyzt that may hur lede,

Tylle sche be paste yowre realme,

And gyf them some spendynge, 220

That them owte of thy londe may brynge,

Y can no bettyr deme.”

“For, syr,” he seyde, “hyt were not feyre,

A horcop to be yowre heyre,

But he ware of yowre kynne.”

Then seyde the kynge, “So mote y the,

As thou haste seyde, so schalle hyt bee,

Arste y schalle not blynne.”

Then exylyd the kyng the quene,
Sche had wonder what hyt myght meene, 230

What made hym so to begynne;
No lenger he wolde gyf hur respyte,
Nor no worde he wolde speke hur wyth,
And that was grete synne!

He let clothe hur in sympulle wede,
And set hur upon an olde stede,
That was bresyd and blynde;

And toke to hur an olde knyght,
That Syr Roger hyght,

That curtes was and kynde, 240
And gaf them twenty dayes to passe,
And ovyr that tyme hys wylle was,

Yf men myght hur fynde,
Sche schulde be takyn and be brente,
And the knyght be there assente

Schulde wayne wyth the wynde:
Thretty florens to there spendynge
He gaf them, withowte lesynge,

And comawnded them to goo;
The qwene for sorowe wolde dye, 250
For sche wyste not wherefore nor why

That sche was flemed soo:
Therefore sche had grete drede,
And sche swownyd on hur stede,

Hyt was no wondur thogh sche were wo.
Syr Roger comfortyd the quene,
And seyde, "At Goddys wylle muste hyt bene,
What helpyth hyt yow yf ye youre selfe
sloo?"

Knyghtys, squyers and ladyes gente,
Morned for the quene that was wente, 260

The kynge had no chesowne,
And the quene had grete care,
For sche schulde fro hur lorde fare

Wythowte ony resowne;
But then they wente fro that stede,
On ther way forthe they yede

Ferre fro every towne,
Into a grete wyldurnes,
Fulle of wylde bestys hyt was,

Be dale and eke be downe. 270

Marrok thocht utturly
To do the quene a velanye,

Hys luste for to fulfyll;
He ordeygnyd hym a companye
Of hys owne meynye,

That wolde assente hym tylle.
To a wode they wente in hye,
There the quene schulde passe by,
And there stode they alle styлле.

There had he thocht redyly 280
To have do the quene a velanye,

Fayne he wolde hur spylle!
The quene and sir Roger come into the wode,
Wote ye wylle thay thocht but gode

To passe wythowtyn dowte;
Then were they war of the steward

Come rydyng to them warde,
Wyth a grete rowte.

“Here ys treson,” seyde the quene.

“Allas!” seyde Roger, “what may that bene? 290

We here be sett alle abowte!

Syth we here schalle dye,

Oure dedys fulle sore they schalle aby,

Be they nevyr so stowte!”

The steward Roger can ascrye,

And seyde, “3ylde the, for thou schalt dye,

To us thou haste no myght!”

Syr Roger seyde, “Traytur for-thy

My dethe schalt thou dere aby,

Yf that y wyth the fyght.” 300

There come they to hym in hye

Syr Roger wyth grete envy,

Kydd he was a knyght;

They hewe on hym fulle boldely,

Ther was none of alle that company

So bolde nor so wyght.

Syr Roger smote them on the hede,

That to the gyrdylle the swerde yede,

Of hym were they qwyte;

They hewe on hym faste as they were wode, 310

On eche syde then sprong the blode,

So sore on hym they dud smyte!

Trewe-love, hys hownde so gode,

Halpe hys maystyr and be hym stode,

Byttyrly he can byte!

Whylle they were togedur be-stedd,

The quene passyd away and fledd

On fote, and lefte hur stede;

Sche ranne to a thorne grene,
Tyl sche come theder sche wolde not blyne, 320

And daryth there for drede;

Syr Roger sche dydd beholde,

He hewe on ther bodyes bolde,

Hys hownde halpe hym at nede.

Os hyt ys in the story tolde,

xlth. Syr Roger downe can folde,

So qwyt he them ther mede;

Had he bene armyd y-wys,

Alle the maystry had byn hys;

Allas! why wantyd he hys wede? 330

As Syr Roger gaf a knokk,

Behynde hym come Syr Marrok,

Therefore evylle mote he spede!

He smot Syr Roger with a spere,

Thorow the body he can hym bere,

Faste then can he blede;

He hath an evylle wounde,

That dynte hath broȝt hym to the grounde,

And fellyd hym on the grene!

Than he was slayne certesly; 340

They rode forthe with grete envy

To seke aftur the quene.

But they wyste not what they myȝt sey,

Hur stede they fonde, sche was away,

Then had that traytur tene;

Ther journey then they thocht evylle sett,

But they wyth the lady not mett,

They wyste not what to mene;

Ovyr alle the wode they hur soght,
But, as God wolde, they fonde hur noght, 350

Then had they grete tene:

When he myght not the lady fynde,
He wente away as knyght unkynde

To Syr Roger there he lay;

Thryes he styked hym thorow owt,
Of hys dede he had no dowte,

Allas! that ylke day!

When that traytur had done soo,
He turnyd ageyne there he come fro,

Unmanly for to say, 360

For hys company was alle gone,
xl. he had chaunged for oone,

Ther skaped but two away;

The quene was aferde to be schente,
Tyl sche sye that they were wente,

And passyd owt of the slogh;

Then rose sche up and come agayne
To Sir Roger, and fonde hym slayne,

Then had sche sorow y-nogh!

“Allas!” sche seyde, “now am y spylte, 370
Thys false thefe, withowtyn gylte,

Why dyd he the to slon?

Syr Roger, thys haste thou for me!

Allas! that evyr y schulde hyt see!”

Wyth that sche felle in swowne.

When sche myght ryse, sche toke hur stede,
Sche durste no lenger dwelle for drede,

That no man schulde fynde hur thore;

Sche seyde, "Roger, y see the blede!

Allas! who may me wys and lede?

380

For certen thou mayst no more!"

Hys gode hownde, for weyle nor woo,

Wolde not fro hys maystyr goo,

But lay lykyng hys woundys;

He wende to have helyd hym agayne,

Therto he dyd alle hys mayne,

Grete kyndenes ys in howndys!

He lykkyd hym tylle he stanke,

Than he began and konne hym thanke

To make a pytt of ston,

390

And to berye hym was hys purpos,

And scraped on hym bothe ryne and mosse,

And fro hym nevyr wolde gone!

Than levyd they styлле thare,

The quene faste can sche fare

For fere of hur foon;

Sche had grete mornyng in hur herte,

For sche wyste not whedur-warde

That sche was beste to goone.

Sche rode forthe noght for-thy

400

To the londe of Hongary,

Tylle sche come thedur wyth woo;

When sche come undur a wode syde,

Sche myght no lenger abyde,

Hur peynys were so throo;

Sche lyghtyd downe, that was so mylde,

And there sche travaylyd of a chylde,

Hyrselfe allone, withowtyn moo;

Forthe sche went with sorowe y-nogh,
And tyed hur hors to a bogh, 410

Tylle the throwes were alle y-doo.
A feyre sone had sche borne,
When sche herde the chylde crye hur beforne,
Hyt comfortyd hur fulle swythe;

So when sche hurselſe myght styr,
Sche toke up hur sone to hur
And lapped hyt fulle lythe.

What for febulnes, wery and woo,
Sche felle aslepe and hur sone alsoo,
Hur stede stode hur behynde. 420

There come a knyght them fulle nere,
That hyght sir Barnard Messengere,
Huntyng aftur an hynde,
And founde that lady lovely of chere,
And hur sone slepyng in fere,
Lyeng undur a lynde;

He put upon that lady bryght,
And sche loked upon that knyght,
And was aferde fulle sore of hys comyng:

He seyde, "What do ye here, madam? 430
Fro whens come ye? what ys yowre name?

Why lye ye here nowe?"
"Syr," sche seyde, "yf ye wylle wytt,
My name at home ys Margaret,

Y swere be God a vowe!
Here have y mekylle grefe,
Helpe me now at my myschefe,
At some towne that y were!"

The knyght behelde the ladyes mode,
And thocht sche was of gentylle blode, 440
That in the foreste was by-stadd there;
He toke hur up fulle curtesly,
And hur sone that lay hur by,
And home he can them lede:
He let hur have wemen at wylle,
To tent hur, and that was skylle,
And broght hur to bedde;
What so evyr sche wolde crave,
Alle sche myght redyly hyt have,
Hur speche was sone spedd. 450
They crystenyd the chylde with grete honowre,
And callyd hyt Tryamowre,
Of hyt they were fulle gladd.
A norse they gatt hyt untylle,
Sche had mekylle of hur wylle
They dud as sche them badd;
Sche was bothe curtes and hynde,
Every man was hur frynde,
And of hur was fulle gladd.
There dwellyd that lady longe, 460
Moche myrthe was them amonge,
But ther gamyd hur no glewe;
Of hyr they were nevyr yrke,
Sche techyd hur sone for to wyrke,
And taght hym evyr newe;
Hur sone that than dwellyd hur wyth,
He was mekylle of boon and lyth,
And feyre of hyde and hewe;
Every man lovyd hym aftur ther estate,

They had no chesone hym to hate, 470
So seyde alle that hym knewe.

Leve we styлле at the quene,
And of the greyhound we wylle mene

That we before of tolde ;

Vij. yere, so God me save,
Kepyd he hys maystys grave,

Tylle that he wexyd olde!

Evyr on hys maystys grave he lay,
Ther myght no man gete hym away

For oght that they cowde do, 480

But yf hyt were onys on the day,
He wolde forthe to gete hys praye,

And sythen ageyne he wolde goo :

Vij. yere he levyd there,
Tylle hyt befelle agenste the youle

Upon the fyrste day,

The hounde, as the story says,
Ranne to the kyngys palays,

Wythowt ony more delay ;

As the kyng at the mete was than, 490
Into the halle the hound can rene

Amonge the knyghtys gay ;

Alle abowte he can beholde,
And when he sawe not that he wolde

He dyd hym faste away ;

The hound rennyth evyr y-wys,
Tylle he come there hys maystyr ys,

He fonde not that he soght ;

The kyng wondurth in hys wede
Fro when he come and whedur he yede, 500

And who hym thedur broght:
 He thoght that he had sene hym thare,
 But he wyste not when nor whare,
 Forthy then seyde he noght:
 But faste be-thenkyth he hym then,
 For he thoght he schulde hym kenne,
 So syttyth he in a thoght;
 The tother day, on the same wyse,
 As the kynge fro the borde can ryse,
 The hownde spedd not thoo; 510
 Alle abowte the halle he soght,
 But at that tyme he fonde hym noght,
 Than dyd he hym faste to goo.
 Then seyde the kyng that ylke stounde,
 "Me thynkyth that was Sir Roger hounde,
 That wente wyth hym thoo,
 When the quene was flemed owt of my londe."
 "Syr," they seyde, "we undurstonde
 For sothe that hyt ys soo!"
 The kyng seyde, "What may thys mene? 520
 Y trowe Syr Roger and the quene
 Be comen to thys londe,
 For nevyr syth they went y-wys,
 Sawe y Syr Roger hounde or thys,
 That ys wondur tythand!
 When he goth, pursewe hym then,
 For evyrmore he wylle renne
 Tylle he come there hys maystyr ys."
 The tothyr day among them alle,
 To mete as they were sett in halle, 530

Syr Marrok was there ferre withynney-wys;
And the hounde wolde nevyr blynne,
But ranne abowte faste with wynne,
Tylle he wyth hym metyth.

He starte up verament,
The steward be the throte he hente,

The hownd wrekyd hys maystys dethe;
The stewardys lyfe ys lorne,
There was fewe that rewyd ther on,

And fewe for hym wepyth; 540

The greyhownde dyd hym sone to go,
When hys maystys dethe he had venged soo,

On hym that wroght hym trayne;
Alle they folowed hym in that tyde,
Some on horsys and some besyde,

Knyghtys, squyers and swayne.
Reste wolde he nevyr have

Tylle he come to hys maystys grave,

And then turned he agayne;

They myght not gete hym therfro, 550

He stode at fence ageyne them tho,

But they wolde hym have slayne:

When they sawe no bettyr bote,

They turned ageyne on hors and fote,

Wyth grete wondur y wene.

They tolde the kyng alle thus,

"Allas!" seyde Kyng Ardu,

"What may thys be to meene?

Y trowe Syr Marrok, be Goddes payne,

Have slayne Syr Roger be some trayne, 560

And falsely flemyd my quene!
The hound had not Sir Marrok slayne,
Had not some treson byn,
Be dereworth God, as y wene!"
They wente agayne, bothe knyzt and knave,
And founde Syr Roger in hys grave
As hole as he was layde;
They toke hym up and leved hym noght,
The corse before the kyng was brozt,
That made hys herte sory, as men sayde. 570
Hys hownde wolde not fro hym fare;
"Allas!" seyde the kyng, "now have y care,
Thys traytur hath me betrayed!
For he hath slayn an awnturs knyght,
And flemyd my quene withowten ryght,
For false tales that he hath me telde!"
The steward also tyte
The kyng let drawe hym, with grete dyspyte,
Wyth horsys thorow the towne,
And hanged hym on the galowe tree, 580
That al men myght hyt see,
That he had done tresone!
Syr Rogers corse wyth nobulle delay
They beryed hyt the tothyr day,
Wyth many a bolde barone;
Hys hownde wolde not fro hym away,
But evyr on hys grave he lay,
Tylle deth had broght hym downe.
The kyng let sende a messengere
Fro towne to towne, ferre and nere, 590
Aftur the quene to spy;

For nothyng that they cowde spere,
They cowde nevyr of hur here,

Then was the kyng sory:

He seyde, "Now can y no rede,
For welle y wot that y am but dede,

For sorowe y wylle now dye!

Allas! that sche evyr fro me wente,
Owre false steward hath us schent

Wyth hys false traytory!"

600

Thus leveth the kyng in sorowe,
Ther may no blys fro bale hym borowe

Tylle he be broght to grounde;

Soche lyfe he leved many a yere,
With mekylle sorowe and evylle chere,

Nothyng may make hym sounde;

Hyt dothe the kyng mekylle payne

When he thenkyth how sir Roger was slayne,

And then halpe hys hownde;

And of hys quene that was so mylde,

610

How sche went fro hym grete with chylde:

He swownyd that ylke stownde!

And at sir Roger zende we wylle dwelle,

And of the quene we wylle telle,

And of hur chylde Tryamowre;

He was a moche man and a longe,

In every lym styff and stronge,

And semely of colowre;

Men and wemen dwellyd he among,

3yt wrethyd he never non with wrong,

620

That was hys owne honowre.

In that tyme, certaynly,
 Dyed the kyng of Hungary,
 And was beryed y-wys;
 He had no heyre hys londes to welde,
 But a doghtyr of vij. yerys elde,—
 Hur name Helyne ys;
 Sche was whyte os blossome on flowre,
 Mery and comely of colowre,
 And semely for to kysse: 630
 When hur fadur was dede,
 Moche warre began to sprede
 Yn hur lande alle abowte;
 Therfore sche ys gevyn to rede,
 To take a lorde to rewle and to lede
 Hur londe wyth hys rowte;
 A nobulle knyght, that cowde or myght
 Rewle hur londe, wyth gode ryght,
 That men myght drede and dowte!
 Hur cownselle wylle that sche do soo, 640
 For grete nede cawsyth hur therto,
 And sche answeyrd them there on hye,
 That they schulde faste hur with no fere,
 But he were prynce or prynceys pere,
 Or ellys chefe of chyvalry.
 Therfore that lady feyre and gente,
 Wyth them wolde sche assente
 A justyng for to crye;
 And at that justyng schalle hyt bee,
 Whoso evyr wynneth the gree 650
 Schalle wedde hur wyth ryalté.

A day of justyng was ther sett,
Halfe a yere no lenger they lett,

To be thore at that day,
That they myght have there a space,
Knyghtys of dyvers a place
And no lenger delay;

Knyghtys of dyvers londys,
When they harde of these tythandys,
They gysed them fulle gay;

660

Of every londe the beste,
Thedur they rode withowten reste,
Fulle wele arayed and dyght;
Some therselfe for to assay,
And some to wynne that feyre may,
That semely was in syght;

Mekylle was the chevalry
That then come to Hungary,
To go juste with ther myght.

When Tryamowre herde telle of thys tythand, 670
Of that justyng in that londe

Schulde hastely begynne,
Yf he wyste that hyt wolde gayne,
He wolde purvey hym fulle fayne
That lady for to wynne;

He had nothyr hors nor spere,
Nor no wepyn hym with to were,
That brake hys herte withynne;

Faste he be-thynkyth hym bothe evyn and morow
Where hym were beste to borowe, 680
Arste wolde he not blynne;

To hys lorde he can meene,
And preyed hym that he wolde hym leene
Wepyn, armowre and stede,
“For at the justyng wolde y bene
To kythe me with the knyghtys kene,
My body for to blede!”

Syr Barnard seyde, “What haste thou thocht?
Of justyng canste thou ryght noght,
For thou art not of age.”

690

“Syr,” he seyde, “what wott ye
Of what strenkyth that y bee,
Or y be provyd in felde with the sage?”
Barnarde seyde also hynde,
“Tryamowre, syn ye wylle wynde,
Ye schalle wante no wede;
For y schalle lende the alle my gere,
Hors and harnes, schylde and spere,
And helpe the at thy nede.”

Then was Tryamowre fulle blythe,

700

He thanked Bernard fele sythe

Of hys feyre proferynge;
Before the justyng schulde bee,
The chylde wente to hys modur free,
And preyed hur of hur blessynge;
Sche wolde have had hym at home fayne,
But ther myght no speche gayne,

Ther myght be no lettynge;

Sone on the morne, when hyt was day,

Tryamowre was gysed fulle gay,

710

Redyly armyd and dyght.

When he was armed on a stede,
He was a mykelle man of brede

And also moche man of myght;
Tryamowre to the felde rydeth,
Barnard no lenger abydeth,

But rode wyth hym fulle ryght;
Ther was no prynce that day in felde
That was so semely undur schylde,
Nor bettur besemyd a knyght. 720

Then was that lady sett
Hye up in a garett,
To beholde that play;

There was many a nobulle knyght,
And prynceys proved in that fyght,
And them selfe to assay.

Wyth helmes and armowre bryght,
That felde schon as candulle lyght,
So were they dyght gay!

There was mekylle pres in pryde, 730
When eche man began to ryde,

Knyghtys of grete renowne;
Hyt befelle Tryamowre in that tyde
To be on hys fadurs syde,

The kyng of Arragone.
The fyrste that rode noght for thy,
Was the kyng of Lumbardy,

A man of grete renowne;
And Tryamowre rode hym ageyne,
Thogh he were mekylle man of mayne, 740

The chylde broght hym downe!

The kyngys sone of Armony
On a stede, wyth grete envy,
 To Tryamowre he ranne;
And Tryamowre turnyd forthy,
And justyd wyth hym pertly,
 And downe he bare hym than!

Then seyde Barnard with gret honowre,
“A Tryamowre! a Tryamowre!”

 That men myght hym kenne.

750

Maydyn Elyn, that was so mylde,
More sche behelde that chylde

 Then alle othur men;

Then was ther a bachylere,
A prowde prynce withowtyn pere,

 Syr James he hyght,

The Emperoure sone of Almayne,
He rode sir Tryamowre agayne,

 And he kepyd hym fulle ryght;

Ayther on other sperys braste,
But neyther to the grounde was caste,

760

 Bothe ware they men of myght;

But syr James had soche a chopp,
That he wyste not, be my toppe,

 Whethur hyt were day or nyght.

Thus they justyd tylle hyt was nyght,
Then they departyd in plyght,

 They had nede to reste;

Sone on the morne when hyt was day,
The knyghtes gysed them fulle gay,

770

 And proved them fulle preste.

Then, withowtyn more abode,
Every knyght to odur rode,
 And sykurly can they stryke and threste:
Tryamowre rode forthe in haste,
And prekyd among the oost
 Upon the tother syde;
The fyrste that rode to hym thon
Was the kynge of Arragon,
 He kepeyd hym in that tyde: 780
He gaf hys fadur soche a clowte,
That hors and man felle downe withowt dowte,
 And sone he was dyscryed.
Syr Asseryn, the kynges sone of Naverne,
Wolde nevyr man hys body warne,
 He come hym ageyne;
He hyt hym on the helme soo,
Soche a strokk he gaf hym tho,
 That alle men hyt syen.
The blode braste owt at hys eerys, 790
And hys stede to grownde he berys:
 Then was sir Barnard fayne!
Then that lady of grete honowre,
Whyte os lylly flowre,
 Hur love was on hym lente:
They sesyd not tylle hyt was nyght,
And then they departyd them in plyght,
 And to ther ynnys they wente.
The nyzt was paste, the day was come,
Every knyzt hys hors hath nome, 800
 Some were wery and on wylde;

The dewke of Syselle, sir Sywere,
He was the furste in that were,
That fared forthe to the felde.

Syr Tryamowre toke to hym a spere,
To the dewke he can hyt bere,

And hyt hym on the schylde,
And togedur they wente,
That hyt bowed and bente,

So ferse he was in felde!

810

And at that tyme, as y yow hente,
Many a lovely lady gente

Fulle faste them behelde;

The dewke of Lythyr, sir Tyrre,
He prekyd forthe fulle pertly

Tryamowre to assayle;

Tryamowre turned hym belyve,
To the dewke can he dryve,

But lothe he was to fayle:

Soche a strokk he gaf hym then,

820

That the dewke bothe hors and man

Turned toppe ovyr tayle!

Then rode to hym the dewke of Aymere,
He servyd hym on the same manere,

Ther myght no thyng avayle!

Kyng Ardus rode forthe in pres,

The Emperours sone syr James,

A spere spendyd he thare;

He prekyd to the kyng with fors,

And bare hym downe of hys hors,

830

And hath hym hurted sare.

Then Tryamowre was fayne,
Then he pryked to James of Almayne
As kene as ony bore;
So harde to hym can he caste,
That schylde and spere alle to-braste,
Then myght James no more.

Tryamowre wolde nevyr have reste,
But bare hym boldely to the beste,
That was moost of honowre;

840

To ylke a prynce he was preste,
Hors and man downe he caste,
So styrde he hym in that stowre.

Ther was none so gode as he,
Therefore they grauntyd hym the gree,
That hyght Tryamowre.

Than hath that lady gente
Chosyn hym with comyns assente,
To be hur governowre.

Than began the justyng to cese,
And Tryamowre wened to have had pese,
And onarmed hym also tyte.

850

The Emperours sone, syr James,
With grete pryde aftur hym can pres,
Of hym he had grete dyspyte;

To Tryamowre can he crye,
“Yelde the thefe, or thou schalt dye!
Thou schalt not go qwyte!”

Tho seyde Tryamowre, wyth grete envy,
“Syth y am demed to dye,
Some stroke wylle y smyte!”

860

Ther was no lenger let,
On ylke a syde they hym beset,
And gaf hym many a wounde;
Tryamowre sturde hym so there,
That whosoever he come nere,
He was nevyr aftur sownde.

Syr Barnard was of myght,
And halpe syr Tryamowre to fyght,
And styrde hym in that stownde:

870

Kyng Arduſ of Arragone
Come rydyng to the towne,
And sawe them fyght in fere;
Hyt dud the kyng mekylle grefe,
When he sawe the chylde at myschefe,
That was hym leve and dere!

Than halpe he Tryamowre,
And broght hym gode socowre,
Men that of myght were;

Then began a strong stowre,
Ther was no lenger socowre,
But every man to hys pere.

880

Syr James was prowde and preste,
Among the knyghtys can he thruste,
At Tryamowre had he tene;

Styfly he stroke in that stownde,
And gaf Tryamowre a wyckyd wounde
Thorow owt the flanke, y wene!

Then was Tryamowre owt of hys wytt,
Syr James on the hedd he hytt,

890

Tylle he felle downe at that stede;

When Sir James to the grownd was caste,
Hys men were aferde and fledd faste,

And morned for drede:

Tryamowre was hurte sore,
That fyght myght he no more,
So byttyrly can he blede;

Tryamowre made no lenger lettyng,
But takyth hys leve at the kyng,

And thankyd hym for hys feyre dede; 900

And nevyr wolde he blynne,
Tylle he come to sir Barnardes town withynne,
And to hys modur he yede;

That lady sorowed in hur wede,
When sche sawe hur sone blede,

That alle wan was hur blee and hur blode!

Tryamowre kyssed hys modur in hye,
And seyde, "Modur, let be yowre crye,
Me eylyth nothyng but gode."

A leche was sent aftur in that stownde, 910
For to serche the chyldys wounde,
And for to stawnche the chyldys blode.

Tryamowre he undurtoke belyve
To save hym, upon hys lyfe;
Then mendyd hys modurs mode.

The tother knyghtys, the boke says,
Prekyd to the palays,
The lady for to here;

Knyghtys apperyd to hur preste,
Then myght sche chose of the beste, 920
Whych that hur wylle were:

Tho knyghtys behelde that free,
But Tryamowre can sche not see,

Then chaungyd hur chere!

Sche seyde, "Lordynges, where ys hee
That 3ysturday wan the gree?

I chese hym to my fere!"

Alle that stode there thay soght,
But Tryamowre fonde they noght,

Then was that lady woo!

930

Hur barons were before hur broght,
Sche prayed them to graunt hur hur thoght,

Respyte of yerys two.

Sche seyde, "Lordynges, so God me save,
He that me wan he schalle me have!

Ye wot wele yowre crye was so!"

The lordys assentyd wele ther tylle,
For sche seyde nothyng but skylle,

And that sche wolde no moo:

When thys was grauntyd verament,
Of alle the folke the lady gente

940

Wolde none but Tryamowre;

Every prynce in hys present,
Home to mete there thay went,

There dyd they lytylle honowre.

Syr James men were not fayne,
For ther lorde was slayne,

That was so strong in stowre;

And in a chare they hym layne,

And ladd hym home in to Almayne,

950

To hys fadur the Emperowre.

The Emperowre felle downe in swowne,
When they hys sone broght hym beforne,
And seyde, "Who hath hym slayne?"
They seyde, "We wott not what he ys,
But Tryamowre he hyght y-wys,
Ther was none there so moche of mayne!
The kyng of Arragon alsoo,
He halpe hym yowre sone to sloo,
And also alle hys pres!" 960
"Allas!" seyde the Emperowre,
"Tylle y be venged of Tryamowre,
Schalle y nevyr cese!
Kyng Arduſ and Tryamowre,
They schalle abyſe fulle ſore
The dethe of ſyr James!"
The Emperowre verament,
Aftur helpe he hath ſente,
Prynces proved in pres;
The kyng then was ſore adredd, 970
For the Emperowre ſoche power hadd,
And wolde hym batayle bede;
He ſawe hys londe ovyr ſpradd,
To a caſtelle hymſelfe fledd,
And vetaylyd hyt for drede.
The Emperowre was fulle ſtowte,
And beſeged the caſtelle abowte,
And ſpradd hys baners in haſte:
And gaf aſawte to the holde;
Kyng Arduſ was ſtowte and bolde, 980
And defendyd hym fulle faſte.

Kyng Arduſ fendyd hys wonys:
Wondur grete were the ſtonys

That they thereowt cowde caſte!

They brake of ſome bothe back and bonys,
So they farde every day onys,

The ſawte dud vi. dayes laſte.

The kyng thoght that fulle ſtronger
To be beſeged ſo longe,

That he wyſte not what to do:

990

Two barons on hys meſſage he ſente,

And to the Emperowre they went,

And prayed hym of reſte thoo.

“ Syr, ye wyte owre kyng with wronge,
For he never ſir James ſlowe at none honde,

He wylle hymſelfe qwyte fulle fayne;

Nor he was not in preſent,

Nor with hys wylle, nor with hys aſſent,

Was not ſir James ſlayne:

That wylle he do betwene yow two,

1000

Yowreſelfe and he yf ye wylle ſoo,

Yf ye hyt on hym wylle ſay;

Or ellys to take yow a knyght,

And he to take anodur to fyght,

Be a certayne day:

And yf yowre knyght happyn ſoo

To be ſcowmfetyd or be ſloo,

Os hyt wylle be may,

He wylle put hym yn yowre wylle,

To make yowre pees, aſ hyt ys ſkylle,

1010

Wythowtyn more delay:

And yf hyt so betyde,
That the knyght of owre syde
May sle yowrys be wyth chawnce,
He preyeth yow that ye wylle cese,
And let owre londys be in pees,
Wythowtyn any dystawnce."

The Emperowre, withowt fayle,
Toke the day of batayle

With the kyng at that chawnce ; 1020
For he had a champyone,
In every of londe of moste renowne,
In hym was hys fyawnce.

When pese was cryed and day tane,
Kyng Arthus was a yoyfulle man,
He trystyd on Tryamowre:

He sende to seke hym withowtyn fayle,
Agayne the day of batayle
For hys dere socowre;

The messengere ys come and gone, 1030
But tydynges of Tryamowre herde he none,
The kyng began to lowre;

“ Yf he be dedd,” he seyth, “ allas!
Who schalle fyght with Moradas,
That ys so styffe in stowre?”

Whan Tryamowre was hole and sownde,
And coverde of hys grevus wounde,
He busked hym to fare:

“Modur,” he seyde with mylde chere,
 “Wyste y who my fadur were,
 The lasse were my care!”

“Sone,” sche seyde, “wele schalt thou wytt,
When thou haste done that thou hett,
Be God that for us dye can!”

“Modur,” he seyde, “yf ye wylle soo,
Have gode day, for y wylle goo,
And speke wyth my lemman.”

Tryamowre rode ovyr dale and downe
Into the londe of Arragon,

Awnturs to seke and see; 1050

As he come rydyng in a foreste,
He sawe many a wylde beste
And had howndys thre:

To a herte he let renne,
xij. fosters dyscryed hym then,
That were kepars of that fee;

They lapped hym in on every syde,
Ther was no bote but to abyde,
But loth was hym to flee;

He bad a wedd nevyr the lesse, 1060
And preyed them that he myght passe,
Yf he had trespaste oght.

Then swere the fosters alle twelve,
They wolde no wedd but hymselfe,
Othur we be hyt noght;

Soche ys the lawe of thys londe,
That ye muste lese yowre ryght honde,
Othur may hyt be noght!

Then seyde Tryamowre, with herte throo,
“That wedd ys me lothe to for-goo, 1070
But hyt be dere boght.”

There was noght ellys to say,
 But alle the fosters to hym cun lay
 Wyth sterne worde and mode:
 But sone of pees they hym pray,
 Ther wente but oon on lyve a way,
 There had they lytylle gode!
 When they were betyn to the growndys,
 Tryamowre wente to seke hys howndys,
 And wolde not leve them soo, 1080
 Tylle he come to a watur syde,
 There he sawe the beste abyde,
 And had slayn hys howndys twoo;
 The thrydd hownde fyghtyng he fyndys,
 The beste stroke hym wyth hys tyndys,
 And Tryamowre was fulle woo;
 He stroke hys hors in to the rever,
 Ho socowrd hys hownde and slew the dere,
 Hys bewgalle blewe he tho.
 The kyng soyournyd in that tyde 1090
 At a maner there besyde,
 And herde a bewgulle blowe!
 Alle that were in the halle
 Wondurd, bothe gret and smalle,
 For no man dud hyt knowe!
 Wyth that come a foster,
 Certenly with a fowle chere,
 Into the kyngys halle, y trowe;
 The kyng at hym can frayne,—
 “Syr,” he seyde, “yowre men ar slayne, 1100
 Alle nyn on a rowe!”

Than he tolde a tale trewe,
That was he that the horne blewe

That thys wondur hath wroght!

“Twenty men were fulle fewe
To take the knyght, he ys soche a schrewe,
But hyt were dere boght!”

Kyng Ardus seyde then,

“Y have mystur of soche a man,
God hath hym hedur broght! 1110

Fulle welle y am be-gone,

Y trowe God hath me sent wone,

That shalle Moradas bryng to noght!”

The kyng callyd knyghtys fyve,

And bad them go belyve

And fynde hym at hys play;

“No evylle worde to hym ye nevyn,

But sey to hym with mylde stevyn,

He wylle not sey yow nay!”

Anon the knyghtys ther horsys hente, 1120

And to the wode then they went

To seke aftur the chylde;

They fonde [hym] be a watur syde,

He sate and fedd hys howndys in that tyde

Wyth the beest so wylde;

They seyde, “God be at yowre game!”

He seyde, “Welcome, alle same!”

He lete hymselfe then be gylyd.

They seyde, “Syr, ys hyt thy wylle

To come and speke owre kyng tylle, 1130

Wyth wordys meke and mylde?”

Tryamowre asked them fulle hende,
“Syr,” he seyde, “what hyght yowre kyng,
And what hyght hys londe?”

“Thys londe,” they seyde, “hyght Arragon,
The kyng hyght Arduſ wyth crowne,
Hys place ys nere-honde.”

When Tryamowre come into the halle,
He haylesed the kyng and sythen alle,

He knewe hym at that syght; 1140

The kyng toke hym be the hande,
And made hym glad ſemelande,
And asked hym what he hyght?

“Syr,” he seyde, “y hyght Tryamowre,
Ye halpe me onys in a ſtowre,

Ye feynyd yow not to fyght;
Had ye not byn, y had be ſlayne
Wyth the emperowrs ſone of Almayne,
Ye knewe wele that knyght.”

The kyng wyſte wele that hyt was he, 1150
He kyſſyd hym tymes thre;

And terys let he falle;
He ſeyde, “Welcome ye bee!
Grete blame y have ſofurd for the!”

And ſythen he tolde hym alle.
“Wyth the Emperowre y have takyn a day,
To defende me yf y may;

To Jheſu wolde y calle,
Os y nevyr ſyr James ſloo,
He delyvyr me of woo, 1160
And ſo y trowe he ſchalle!”

Tryamowre seyde, "Y am fulle woo,
That thou art for me anoyed soo,
Yf y myght hyt amende,
At the day of batayll forthy
Ther schalle no man fyght but y,
Take the grace that God wylle sende."

Then was the kyng bothe blythe and gladd,
And seyde, "For Moradas y am not adrad,

To batayle when he schalle wende! 1170

Ofte y made men aftur yow to spere,
But myght y not of yow here,

My ryght schalle thou defende!"

Than dwellyd they togedur same,
Wyth mekylle yoye and game,

Therof they wantyd ryght noght;

They went on hawkyng be the rever,
And other whyle to take the dere,

Where that they gode thoght;

Tylle the day of bataylle was comen, 1180

That they had before nomen,

Then the Emperowre thedur soght:

With hym he broght kyng and knyght,

And Moradas that was so wyght,

To batayle was he broght:

Bothe the partys there were harde,

And sythen to the felde they farde,

The place was barryd and dyght.

The kyng comfortyd Tryamowre,

Forsothe, or he went to the stowre, 1190

He made hym a knyght.

The kyng kyste hym and seyde hym fulle feyre,
“Tryamowre, y make the myn heyre,

And for me thou schalt fyght!”

“Syr,” he seyde, “have thou no drede,
Y tryste in God that he schalle me spede,

He standyth wyth the ryght!”

Then bothe the partyes swore
To holde the covenaut they made before,

To Jhesu can they calle. 1200

Syr Tryamowre and Moradas
Were redy armed in that place,

And broght among them alle;

Ayther were armed on a stede,
Of Tryamowre was grete drede,

Ther was none so hynde in halle;

Moradas was so styff in stowre,
Ther myght no man hys dyntys dewre,

But he made them to falle:

Than rode they two togedur a-ryght, 1210

Wyth scharp sperys and swerdys bryght,
Thay smote togedur sore!

Ther sperys they spendyd and brake schyldys,
The pecys flewe into the feldys,

Grete dyntys dud they dele thore.

Alle had wondur that there were,
Olde, yonge and chylde, y swere,

So sore they dud smyte!

Tryamowre thocht hyt schulde be qwytt,
He faylyd of hym, hys hors he hytt, 1220

To hys herte hys spere can byte!

Moradas seyde, "Hyt ys grete schame
On a hors to wreke thy grame!"

Tryamowre seyde as tyte,
"Levyr y had to have hyt the,
Have my hors and let me bee,
Y am lothe to flyte."

Moradas seyde, "Y wylle hym noght,
Tylle thou have that strok boght,
And wyne hym wyth ryght." 1230

Than leved Tryamowre hys stede,
He lyghtyd downe and to hym yede,
On fote can they fyght;

Tryamowre sparyd hym noght,
But evyr in hys hert he thoght,
"To day was y maked knyght!

Owthyr schalle he sle me sone,
Or on hym y schalle wyne my schone,
Thorow the grace of God Almyght!"

Grete wondur hyt was to see them two, 1240
The strokys that were betwene them tho,
So harde on helme they hewe;

Moradas was for-foghtyn and for-bledd,
Therefore ho was nevyr so sore a-dredd,
Hym gamed lytylle glewe.

Tryamowre was then ferse,
Thorow owt the armour into the flesche
He gaf hym a wounde newe;

Thorow hys herte the swerde ranne,
The Emperowre was then a sory man, 1250
And Moradas asked trewe:

He kyssyd the kyng and was hys frende,
And toke hys leve for to wende,

No lenger wolde he dwelle.

Kyng Arduſ and Tryamowre

Were ledd home wyth honowre,

Forsothe as y yow telle;

Alle that yn that cyté were,

Bothe lesse and more,

Hym pressed for to see:

1260

There were they withowtyn care,

Wyth glad semeland and welfare,

Ther myght no bettur bee;

Grete was the honowre and the renowne

That he had in Arragone,

For hys feyre dede.

The kyng profurd hym fulle feyre,

“Tryamowre, y make the myn heyre

Of londe and of lede.”

“Syr,” he seyde, “gramercy, nay,

1270

Efte togedur speke we may,

Y aske yow but a stede:

To other londys wylle y spere,

More of awnturs for to here,

And who dothe beste yn dede.”

There he dwellyd whylle he wolde,

The kyng gave hym bothe sylver and golde,

That ryche gyftys were;

Gode horsys wantyd he noght,

To take or to leve whethur he thoght,

1280

And alle hys other gere.

He toke hys leve at the kynge,
And kyssed hym at hys partyng;

The kyngys herte was fulle sore.

He seyde, "Tryamowre, alle that ys myne,
When thou wylt hyt schalle be thyn,

My londe lesse and more!"

Now ys Tryamowre wente,
Hymselfe ys in gode atente,

For every man ys hys frende; 1290

Ynto every londe, ferre and nere,
Where he myght of awnturs here,

Thedur can he wende:

In alle londys he had the gree,
Ther was none so gode as hee

Of alle the knyghtys hende,

Therefore gate he grete name,

Yn every londe there he came,

In alle placys where he can wende.

Justyng and turnamentys let he bee, 1300

And into Hungary wende wylle hee,

For no man wylle he lett;

Betwene two mowntayns was hys way,

He went forthe as the strete lay,

Wyth a palmer he met;

He askyd hym gode for charyté,

Tryamowre gaf hym with hert free,

The palmer for hym can grete,—

He seyde, "Syr, turne agayne,

For or ye passe the mowntayne, 1310

Ye schalle be slayne or bete!"

Tryamowre asked hym, "How soo?"

"Syr," he seyde, "for brethur twoo

That on thys mowntayn can dwelle;

Therefore, y prey yow with herte fayne,

That ye wylle turne ageyne,

For drede hyt ys with them to melle!"

Then seyde Tryamowre, "But they were moo,

Owt of my wey wylle y not goo,

Yf they were devyls of helle!" 1320

He seyde, "Palmer, have gode day!"

And went forthe on hys way

As faste os he cowde ryde.

He had not redyn but a whyle,

Not the mowntans of a myle,

Two knyghtys sawe he hove and abyde;

The toon rode hym untylle,

The tother hovedd on an hylle

A lytulle there besyde;

The toon hoved, and behelde 1330

The strokys they gaf undur schylde,

Gret wondur had hee!

Betwene them can he ryde,

And preyed them to abyde,

And sone then let they bee;

To Tryamowre he seyde anone,

"So strong a knyght sawe y never none,

Thy name anone telle thou me."

Seyde Tryamowre, "Then wolde y fayn wytt,

Why ye two kepe thys strett, 1340

And sythen y schalle telle the."

The tother brothur seyde, " We schalle yow telle
For thys chesone here we dwelle,

And wrought alle thys woo.

We had a brodur they callyd Moradas,

Wyth the Emperowre he was,

A stalworth man y-nogh:

In Arragon, for the Emperowre,

A knyght they callyd Tryamowre

In bataylle dud hym sloo!

1350

Yf we wyth hym mett,

Therfore kepe we thys strett.'

And Tryamowre logh thoo!

" And also, y say, another,

Burlonde owre other brother,

The mane moost of myght,

He besegeth a lady,

The kyngys doghtyr of Hungary,

To wedd hur hath he hyght,

And so welle then hath he spedd,

1360

That forsothe he schalle hur wedd,

Syr Burlonde that knyght,

But yf sche fynde may,

To defende hur, os y yow say,

A man of armes bryght;

Therfore sche hath takyn a day,

Certenly, os y yow say,

And waged hur glove for to fyght;

And that same Tryamowre

Loveth that lady peramowre,

1370

As hyt ys me tolde,

And sche hath aftur hym sente,
And we have waytyd hym verament,
And slayne hur barons bolde;
And yf he wylle to Hungary,
Thus forthe schalle hys way lye,
And sle hym fayne we wolde.

He hath hur socowre hett,
Yf we may we schalle hym lett,
Y trowe hyt schalle not holde;

1380

And yf sche at hur day fayle,
Ther schalle no thyng hur avayle,
But Burlonde schalle hur wedd,
And Tryamowre noght we kenne,
Wherefore ther passyth here no men,
Wyth strenkyth but they be kedd:

Now have we the cheson tolde,
Thy ryght name wytt fayne we wolde,
And be thou not adredd;

Thou schalt dwelle here with us twoo,
And yf thou wylt not soo,
Evylle then haste thou spedd!"

1390

"Spede," seyde Tryamowre, "as y may,
Whylle y have be-hett yow for to say,
My name schalle y not layne;
Yowre jurnay may ye thynk welle sett,
Wyth the man have ye mett

That yowre brothur hath slayne!
And ye wylle geve me leve to goo,
Wyth Burlonde wylle y fyght so,
For hur love that ye sayn!"

1400

“ Welcome,” they seyde, “ Tryamowre,
Hur love thou schalt bye fulle sore,
Nothyng may the gayne!”

They smote togedur wyth hert throo,
And he allone ageyne them twoo,
To fyght he was fulle preste;

Ther armowre myght not gayne,
Bothe thorowowt back and bone,

He made the blode to owt breste:

1410

Grete strokys they gaf amonge,
And that lasted wondur longe,

Wythowtyn any reste;

So faste abowte conne they goo,
That they wroght hym mekylle woo,

As y yow say, be Goddys est!

Tryamowrs hors was sekur y-wys,
And hys schylde flewe alle to pecys,

So harde to hym they yede;

In that tyme ther was not soche thre,

1420

Gret wondur hyt was to see,

So doghty they were in dede!

But Tryamowre, at the laste,

The too brothur downe he caste,

Then had the tothur mekylle drede!

No lengur there then wolde he byde,

But rode forthe there a lytulle besyde,

And hovedd on hys stede:

Sone had Tryamowre slayn the tother,

A sory man was hys brothur,

1430

And wolde be venged fayne,—

“Take the grace that God wylle sende me,
Me ys levyr to dye then flee!”

Wyth that he turned agayne;
Wyth hys swerde to hym he yede,
And slew sir Tryamowrs stede,

Fulle mekylle was hys mayne!
Syr Tryamowre faght on fote,
What schalle we more of hym mote?

The tothur brothur was slayne! 1440

Tryamowre takyth the knyghtes stede,
For that lady he was in drede,

For sche besegedd lay:

The lady had so grete thoght,
For Tryamowre came noght,

Sche wyste not what to say.

The day was come that was sett,
Lordus come, as they hett,

Many oon stowte and gay:

Burlonde was there redy dyght, 1450

And bad hur brynge forthe hur knyzt,

And sche seyde schortly, nay.

In the castelle had sche hyt hyght,

To defende hur with alle hur myght,

So as hur counsayle radd;

“Certys, yf Tryamowre be on lyfe,

With Goddys grace he schalle come belyve,

Wyth enemyes y am bestadd!

For y trowe he loveth me wele,

And trewe he ys as any stele; 1460

In worlde where ever he be bestedd,

And he wyste of thys case,

Hyddur he wolde take hys pase,

My lyfe dar y lay to wedd !”

And ryght with that come Tryamowre

In the moost of that stowre,

Then gamed hym no glee ;

He asked a man what hyt myght meene,

And he tolde hym alle be-deene,

How the batayle schulde bee ;

1470

He sawe Burlonde on hors hove,

He rode to hym and waged hys glove,

That lady chalenged hee !

Sayde Tryamowre, “Who so wylle fyght,

Y am redy in my ryght,

To slee hym or he mee !”

The lady on a towre stode,

And sche wende that he had ben wode,

For sche knewe not hys myght !

Sche asked Barnarde then,

1480

“Syr, can not ye a knyght kenne,

That ys to batayle dyght ?

A kreste he beryth in blewe.”

Syr Barnarde* then hym knewe,

And seyde at that syght,

“Madam, God hath sent yow socowre,

For yondur ys syr Tryamowre,

That wyth Burlonde wolde fyght !”

Then was that lady fulle fayne,

Bothe to Jhesu can they prayne,

1490

* In the printed edition the name of the person who recognised Tyramowre is not mentioned.

To gyf hym grace to spede !
Tryamowre to hym berys,
And they alle to-braste ther sperys,
That bothe to the grownde they yede :
That ylke metyng was so throo,
When bothe to the grownde conne goo,
The rychest in wede.
They settyd strokes of mode,
When they bothe to the grownde yode,
They were bothe doghty in dede ! 1500
They start up bothe withyn a whyle,
Ther stedys on the grownde lay fulle styлле,
On fote they faght in fere ;
Ther was none in felde thoo,
That cowde chese the bettur of them twoo,
So boldely they them bere !
The batayle lasted wondur longe,
They seyde, "Be Burlonde never so stronge,
He hath fonde hys pere."
Wyth swerdys scharpe the faght faste, 1510
At ylke stroke the fyre owt braste,
They nyghed wondur nere ;
Tryamowre at hym conne mynte,
Hys swerde felle fro hym at that dynte,
To the grownde can hyt goo !
Then was Burlonde fulle gladd,
And that lady was sore adradd,
Knyghtys were fulle woo !
Tryamowre asked hys swerde agayne,
But Burlonde faste can hym frayne, 1520

Then seyde he to hym soo,
 "Telle trewly what thou hyght,
 And why thou chalangyst that lady bryght,
 And take thy swerde the too."

Sayde Tryamowre, "On that covenauund,
 My ryght name schalle y not wande,

Ware thou the devylle of helle!

Men calle me syr Tryamowre,

Y wanne thys lady in a stowre,

Wyth tonge as y the telle!"

1530

Then seyde Burlonde, "Thou hyt was
 That slewe my brodur Moradas,

A feyre chawnce there the befelle!"

Tho seyde Tryamowre, with hert throo,

"So y dud thy brethur twoo

That dwellyd upon the yonder hylle!"

Then was Burlond alle preste,

"Tryamowre, have thou no reste!

Now am y welle bethoght;

Thy swerde getyst thou never agayne,

1540

Tylle y be venged or be slayne,

Sorowe haste thou soght!"

Tho seyde Tryamowre, "Holde thou thy pese,
 That schalle the rewe or that we cese,

Go forthe! y drede the noght!"

Burlond to fyght was bowne,

Hys fote schett and he felle downe,

And Tryamowre wylyly wroght;

Tryamowre hys swerde he hente,

And agayne to Burlond he wente,

1550

And servyd hym on the newe gyse,—

He smote Burlond of be the kneys,
And hewe hys leggys alle in pecys,

Ryght as he schulde ryse ;

“A lytulle lower, syr,” seyde hee,

“And let us smalle go wyth thee,

Now are we bothe at oon assyse !”

A lowde laghtur that lady logh,

And syr Barnard was prowde y-nogh,

And thanked God fele sythes ; 1560

Burlonde on hys stompus stode,

Wyte hym not yf he were wode,

Then faght he wondur faste !

Tryamowre on the hedd he hytt,

He had gevyn hym an evylle smytt,

But hys swerde braste ;

Tryamowre seyde to hym fulle sone,

“Thy gode dayes are nere done,

Thy power ys nere paste !”

Tryamowre at hym can stryke, 1570

That hedd and fete lay bothe in lyke,

To grownde was he caste !

Now ys Burlonde slayne,

And Tryamowre, mekylle of mayne,

To the castelle ys he wente :

That lady that was so mekylle of myzt,

At the yate she kepyd the knyght,

And in hur armes hym hente.

Sche seyde, “Welcome, syr Tryamowre !

Ye have boght my love fulle sowre ! 1580

My love ys on yow lente !”

Then seyde alle the barons bolde,
 "Of hym we wylle owre londes holde
 Be the comyns assent."

Then was ther no nother to say,
 But takyn they have another day
 That he schulde hur wedd.

Tryamowre had aftur hys modur sente,
 Barnard aftur hur was went,
 And to the cowrte hur ledd. 1590

Tryamowre seyde to hys modur then,
 "Now y wolde my fadur kenne,
 For now have we welle spedd!

Tell me now, modur free,
 Who ys my fadur and what hyt hee?
 For nothyng be ye adredd."

Hys modur togedur hur fyngers can folde,
 And alle togedur sche hym tolde,
 And mekylle sche can hym meene,

"Kyng Arduſ of Arragone, 1600
 He ys thy fadur, and thou art hys sone,
 And y was hys weddyd qwene:

And afturward y was delefully demydd,
 And owt of that londe y was flemydd,
 Y never wyste what hyt myght meene.

Why hyt was, nothur wherefore,
 Nothur myght hyt wete lesse nor more,
 But y was broght in tene!"

When Tryamowre thys tale herde,
 How he wyth hys modur farde, 1610
 Letturs he dudd wryte;

To the kyng he sente them tulle,
And preyed hym, yf hyt were hys wylle,
That he faylyd hym not at that tyde,
But that he wolde come to Hungary
For to worschyp that mangery,
Ther of he hym besoght.

Then was the kyng wondur gladd,
The messengere gode gyftys hadd
That the tythyngys broght; 1620
The day was come that was sett,
The kyng come as he hadd hett,
Wyth mekylle pres in pryde.

The lordys wolde no lenger lett,
The maydyn forthe was fett,
And erlys on ylke asyde:
The lady to the churche they ledd,
A byschopp togedur them to wedd,
Yn herte ys not to hyde;

And sone aftur the weddyng, 1630
They crowned Tryamowre kyng,
They wolde no lenger abyde.

Ye may welle wytt certeynly,
That there was a grete mangery,
There as so many were mett:

Qwene Margaret began the deyse,
Kying Ardus, wyth owtyn lees,
Be hur was he sett;

The kyng behelde the qwene,
Hym thoght that he schulde hur have seene, 1640
Wyth glad chere he hur grett:

“Yf hyt be yowre wylle,” he seyde, “madam,
Telle me what ys yowre name,
For nothyng that ye lett.”

“Syr,” seyde the qwene then,
“Some tyme was ye cowde me kenne,
And ye were welle bethoght.”

The kyng spake not oon worde,
Tylle men had etyn and drawen the borde,

But styлле he sat in thoght ; 1650

Then the kyng toke the lady gente,
And to a chaumbur anon they went,
Syr Tryamowre dud they calle.

Sche seyde, “Here ys yowre sone,
Knowe hym yf ye konne :”

And sythen sche tolde hym alle.

Sche tolde how Marrok wowyd hur in dede,
Aftur that hur lorde yede,

For nothyng wolde he spare :

“Y seyde he schulde be drawe,
For hys sory sawe, 1660

And he seyde he wolde no mare !

Aftur that, in that wode so wylde,
He mett me and y wyth chylde,

To fordo me thoght he thare,

And sir Roger slewe of hys men xv.,
And y went away fulle clene,

They wyste nevyr whare !

Sone aftur in a wode so wylde

Y was delyvyr of a chylde, 1670

Wyth mekylle sorowe and care ;

Then come Syr Barnard
Aftur a dere fulle harde,
 And of me he was ware.
He seyde, "Dame, what doyst thou here?"
And hym y tolde of my matere,—
 Then syghed he fulle sore;
He toke up my sone and mee,
And ledd us home with herte free,
 And evyr sythen have we byn thore." 1680
Then was there yoye and blys,
To see them togedur kysse
 Fulle ofte, or they cowde cese;
Kyng Arduſ was nevyr so blythe,
He kyssyd Tryamowre twenty sythe,
 And for hys sone he hym chese:
Then the qwene was fulle gladd,
That sche soche a lorde hadd,
 Ye wott, wythowtyn lees.
Sche seyde, "Y have welle sped, 1690
That soche a lorde hath me wedd,
 That beryth the pryce in prees."
Then dwellyd they bothe in fere,
Wyth alle maner deynteys that were dere,
 Wyth solas on every syde;
Kyng Arduſ toke hys leve and wente,
And ledd with hym hys lady gente,
 Home rychely conne they ryde;
Alle hys londe was fulle fayne
That the qwene was come ageyn, 1600
 The worde spronge fulle wyde.

Kynge Arduſ and hys wyfe,
Wyth yoye and blys they ladd ther lyfe,
Yn hert hyt ys noght to hyde.

Kyng Tryamowre and hys qwene,
Mekylle yoye was them betwene,
Man chylder had they twoo;

Aftur that hys fadur was dedd,
Then he cowde no nothur redd,

Y-wys he was fulle woo! 1710

Hys yongyst ſone then ordeygned hee
Aftur hys fadur, kynge to bee,

God grawnt hym wele to reyoyſe!

Here endyth Syr Tryamowre,
That was doghty in every ſtowre,
And evyr wanne the gree.

God bryng us to that blys,

That evyr ſchalle laſte withowt mys!

Amen! Amen! for charytee!

NOTES.

L. 1.—*Hevyn blys that alle schalle wynne.*] The early printed edition reads,—

Now Jesu Chryste our heven kynge
Graunte you all his dere blessyng,
And hye heven for to wynne;
If ye wyll a stounde laye to your eere,
Of adventres ye shall here,
That wyll be to your lykynge.

L. 15.—*Syr Ardus.*] Copland reads *Syr Aradas*.

L. 27.—*And trewe as stele on tree.*] That is, on wood. This phrase is not very common in early poetry, and Copland alters it to, “as true as the turtel on tree.” The same variation again occurs.

L. 78.—*Owt upon the.*] “Owt upon the the,” MS.

L. 166.—*Pyne.*] “Byne,” corruptly in Copland.

L. 224.—*Horcop.*] That is, a bastard. The term occurs in Palsgrave. Copland has “another mannes chylde.”

L. 247.—*Thretty.*] Copland reads *forty*.

L. 326.—*Fourti.*] “Fourtene,” printed ed. “As it is in *Romaynes tolde*,” which shows the present poem is a translation.

L. 330.—*Why wantyd he hys wede.*] Copland reads, “alas! he lacked wede.”

L. 363.—*Two.*] “Four,” printed ed.

L. 377.—*Sche durste no lenger dwelle for drede.*] “She no lenger there abede,” printed ed.

L. 422.—*Sir Barnard Messengere.*] “Barnarde Mausewyng,” printed ed. Copland then reads as follows:—

Softely he wente nere and nere,
 He lyghted on fote and behelde her chere,
 As a knyght curteese and kynde.
 He awaked that lady of beauté:
 She loked on full pyteously,
 And was aferde full sore.
 He sayde, what do you here, Madame?
 Of whens be you, and what is your name?
 Have ye your men forlorne?
 Syr, she sayde, yf ye wyll wete,
 I am named Margarete,
 In Aragon was I borne.

L. 466.—*Hur sone that.*] Copland reads:—

This chylde waxed wonderous well,
 Of grete stature both flesshe and fell,
 Every man loved hym truely;
 Of his company all folke were gladde,
 None other cause in dede they hadde,
 The chylde was gentyll and bolde.

L. 485.—*Youle.*] Yule, or Christmas.

L. 601.—*Thus leveth the kyng.*] Copland reads,—

Longe tyme thus lyved the kyng
 In grete sorowe and mournynge,
 And oftentimes dyde wepe;
 He toke grete thought more and more,
 It made his herte wery sore,
 Hys syghes were sette so depe.

L. 628.—*Sche was whyte.*] Copland reads,—

Sche was as whyte as lely floure,
 And comely of her gaye coloure,
 The fayrest of ony towne or towre;
 She was well shapen of fote and hande,
 Pere had she none in no lande,

She was so fresshe and so amerous ;

For whan her fader was deed,

Gret ware began to sprede

In that londe aboute :

Than that ladyes counsaile gave her rede

To gete her a lorde her lande to lede,

To rule the realme without doubte :

Some myghty prynce, that well myght

Rule her land by reason and ryght,

That all men to hym myght loute.

L. 1049.—*Arragon.*] “Iragowne,” printed ed.

L. 1595.—*Hyt.*] That is, is called.

The following fragment of this romance is contained in a MS. of the sixteenth century, comprising various poems, preserved in Rawlinson's collection. It agrees with no printed copy I have yet examined, and may very possibly be merely part of a more modern version of Copland's edition. At all events, it is worth printing as completing our materials for establishing the text of this romance:—

And when they had saide alle that in stoure,

The maide woulde none but Triamoure :

Than the grete lordes there present,

Home to Arragone thay wente,

They were so stoute in stowre :

Sir Jamys men were littille faine,

For that their lorde thus was slaine,

They had but smalle honowre.

In a chare his body they laide,

And led hym home into . . . ,

To his father the emperoure.

We wot not what name he has,

Syr Triamoure they said he was,

So called they hym in the citie.

The Kyng of Haragoun alsoo,

He helpeth thy sonne to slow,

And alle hys grete meny.
 Alas! then saide the Emperoure,
 He shall abie, that vile traitoure!
 Nor wille I ever cease
 Till they be slaine in a sharp stoure,
 Bothe the kyng and Tryamoure,
 I swere it by the mese!
 Then Kyng Argos was fulle drad,
 When he these tythynges heard,
 And the batayle in sothe:
 He wente his londes were lorne,
 And to a castelle he fled anone,
 His baner he gan to spredde.
 He gave assawte fulle bolde,
 And Kyng Argos was at the holde,
 And ordered it fulle welle
 With gunnes and grete stones round
 He threw it downe to the grounde,
 So sore he dyd them pelle (?)
 They brake many stronge bones,
 Every daye for the nones,
 With them did they melle:
 The Emperoure was hurt fulle sore,
 He was greved therefore,
 And his menne fulle ille.
 King Argos thought fulle longe
 That he was beseiged so strong
 With grete myght and mayne:
 Two lordes forthe on message he sente,
 And straight to the Emperoure wente.
 And when he could them see,
 Of pece they can hym pray,
 And take truce tille a certen daye:
 And sayde, the kyng sendes worde this daye
 That he never your sonne did slaye,
 So he wolde quit hym faine:
 He was not presente,
 Nor in no wise dide consente
 To that your sonne was slaine.

That wille he prove, yf ye wylle so,
Yourself and he betwixt the two,
 If he wille it layne.
Or else take a knyghte,
And he wille another to fight
Upon a certeine daye.
If it shoulde chance so
 As I to you saye,
Our kyng then wille do your wylle,
And be [at] youre biddinge, both loude and stille,
 Withouten more delay.
And als yf it should betide
That youres do our stride
 Be slaine by any mischaunce,
My lorde shalle make your war sese,
And our londes be at pese,
 Withouten ony distaunce.
The Emperoure sayd, withoute fayle,
Sette a day of bataile,
By the assente

FINIS.

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AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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The Percy Society.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 1st of May, 1846,—

The RIGHT HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, President, in the Chair,—

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated the 1st of May, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report be received and adopted, and the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 29th April, was read by the Secretary, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report of the Auditors be received and adopted, and that the thanks of the Society be given them for their services.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of Officers and Council, when—

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.
was elected President,

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S. TREAS. S.A.

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THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., *Secretary and Treasurer.*

were elected the Council of the Society, and Robert Bell, Esq., E. R. Moran, Esq., and Charles Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A., were elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

The thanks of the Society were then voted to the editors of the Publications of the past year, to Thomas Wright, Esq., for his services as Treasurer and Secretary; to the Royal Society of Literature for the use of their Rooms for the Anniversary Meeting; and to the President for the warm interest which he has always taken in the proceedings of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT.

MAY 1ST, 1846.

THE PERCY SOCIETY has now completed its sixth year, and has produced a series of publications illustrating the literary history of this country, which may fairly be compared for interest and value, in proportion to their number, with those of any other similar society which has existed during the same period. The Council lays the report of its year's labours before the Society at large, in the confidence that it has used its best exertions, according to its judgment, to carry out the original objects for which it was instituted.

One circumstance only has distinguished the present year's publications from those of the preceding years. It was found that, with the comparatively small funds at the disposal of the Society, the monthly issue, which had been persevered in during the first five years, rendered it impossible to print any work of considerable bulk, however desirable in itself, without inconveniently diminishing its resources for the rest of the year; and the Council was thus obliged to relinquish several publications of considerable interest. It was, there-

fore, determined at the commencement of the sixth year to discontinue the monthly issue, and to publish only every second month. The following books, amounting on the whole to about the average extent of those of former years, are the publications of the year now ended.

Scottish Traditional Versions of ancient Ballads. Edited by James H. Dixon, Esq.

The Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury. Edited by William Henry Black, Esq.

The Pastime of Pleasure. An allegorical Poem. By Stephen Hawes.

The Civic Garland, a collection of Songs from London Pageants. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England. Edited by J. H. Dixon, Esq.

The Romance of Syr Tryamoure. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

The Introductory Essay on the Romance of the Seven Sages. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

The last of these works has been retarded by circumstances which could not be avoided, but it will be ready for delivery, along with the titles for the year, in a few days.

The attention of the Council has been latterly called to the mode of delivery of the Society's publications, and it has been judged advisable in future to send each work at the Society's expense, when ready, to the members residing in London who have paid their subscriptions, in preference to the old system of delivering it only on application at the Society's Office in St. Martin's Lane.

The Council has not been inattentive to suggestions

of works for future publication; and it is enabled to announce among the works thus suggested, several of which are in an advanced state of preparation, the following:—

1. The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. A new and correct text, from the best manuscripts, with Notes. By Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A. It is intended to publish the first volume in the course of the ensuing year.

2. The Poems of Hoccleve. To be Edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

3. A Collection of Ballads relating to the Persecutions of the Roman Catholics in the North of England, during the Reign of Elizabeth.

4. An unpublished Interlude by John Heywood, entitled "A Dialogue between Witty and Witless;" with an Introductory Notice of the Author, and Selections from his other Dramatic Works. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

5. A Collection of Satirical Songs and Ballads on Costume, commencing with the Reign of Henry III, with Illustrative Notes, and Introduction. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

6. A New and more Correct Edition of the Songs and Sonnets of the Earl of Surrey.

7. An Edition of Heywood's "Dialogue contayning in effect the number of al the Proverbes in the English Tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages."

8. Ballads relating to the Political Affairs of the Reign of Richard III. To be Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

9. A Collection of Ballads, in old French and English, relating to Cocayne. To be Edited by T. Wright, Esq.

10. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be Edited by William Jerdan, Esq. M.R.S.L.

11. A Selection of Metrical Panegyrics on the Leaders of the Revolutionary Party in the Seventeenth Century, from Broadsides of the Times. To be Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A.

12. The Poems of William Brown, author of Britannia's Pastoral's. To be Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

13. A Collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

14. The Songs and Sonnets of Dr. Donne.

15. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy.

16. The History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existence of similar Offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.

17. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq., F.S.A. L. and Sc.

18. The first part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entituled Ars Adulandi, the Art of Flatterie, &c. By Ulpian Fulwell. From the Edition of 1579, 4to. compared with the latter impression. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. with an account of the Author, and of his other productions.

19. A Selection from the Poems of Taylor the Water-Poet.

20. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

21. A Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions. After a long Vacation for a good Terme. By Anthony Nixon.

22. A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages. By J. Payne Collier, Esq.

23. The Batcheler's Banquet, or a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes, &c. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, &c. By Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by T.C. &c. 1603.

24. The Compters Common-wealth; or, a Voiage made to an infernall Iland, long since discovered by many Captaines, Seafaring men, Gentlemen, Marchants, and other Tradesmen, &c. By William Fennor, his Majesties servant. 4to. 1617.

25. A notable and pleasant History of the famous renowned Knights of the Blade, commonly called Hectors, or St. Nicholas Clerks. 4to. 1652.

26. Diogenes in his Singularitie. Wherein is comprehended his merry Baighting, fit for all Mens benefit. Christened by him, A Nettle for Nice Noses. By Thomas Lodge. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

The Council has to announce that the stock of the first year's publications is entirely exhausted, so that it is no longer possible to supply complete sets of the

Society's works. A set of the first year's publications sold recently for £2, being double the original price ; and the others are rising in value. Only a few sets of the second year remain.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports, to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections ; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world.

THOMAS AMYOT, *Chairman.*

THOMAS WRIGHT, *Secretary.*





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THOMAS WRIGHT, *Secretary.*



Halliwell-Phillipps, James Orchard, 1820-1889 [Herausgeber]

The romance of Syr Tryamoure from a manuscript preserved in the
University Library, Cambridge

London 1846

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